THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER. **Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.** $2 PE[illegible]

VOL. XIV. SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1857. NO. 31.

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.
BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.
T. O. P. VERNON Associate Editor.

Price Two Dollars per annum in advance, or $2.50 at the end of the year. If not paid until after the year expires $3.00.

Payment will be considered in advance if made within three months.

No subscription taken for less than six months.

Money may be remitted through postmasters at our risk.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates, and contracts made on reasonable terms.

The Spartan circulates largely over this and adjoining districts, and offers an admirable medium to our friends to reach customers.

Job work of all kinds promptly executed.

Blanks, Law and Equity, continually on hand or printed to order.

CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From "Porter's Spirit of the Times."

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

BY CHARLES J. FOSTER.

"Say nothing of his having been with the horse, upon any account, till after the race. Your father and Henley will keep quiet as a matter of course, and the rack would not extract a word of truth from Jolly in these circumstances. Mark me, young man! I will, with Mr. Hawthorn's assistance, have every betting man in the town, and Dobson, too, carefully sounded, by offers to take the odds against Strideaway, in less than two hours. If he has been tampered with, they know it; and their eagerness to lay against him will betray their knowledge. A horse of his game and speed is too dangerous a customer for them to go against for a great amount at long odds, unless they know him to have been "made safe." Meantime, let the horse rest, and take Jolly's advice as to bringing him to the post. We will send him down." So saying, Dr. Ryder and the Squire departed.

CHAPTER III.

"Onward he went—but slack and slow,
His savage force at length o'er spent,
The drooping courser, faint and slow,
All feebly foaming went."

Baytown races were over. Tom Thornton's horse had started, but had been beaten, almost without a struggle. The jockey was instructed to pull him up, when he found that he was beaten, and he promptly did so. This result, fulfilling the prediction of the Ensign, and humbling Tom Thornton, puffed up the former even to a more extravagant degree than before.

It was the evening after Mr. Dobson's return from the races, that he called upon the worthy miller at his own house. The substantial gentleman to whom Mr. Dobson addressed himself upon entering the room, received his visitor with a sort of growling toleration, according very well with his personal appearance and present occupation. About the age of fifty, of tall and heavy build, with thick, beetling eye-brows, and a bull-dog sort of expression about the mouth. Mr. Philip Henley looked exactly like a miller who "cared for nobody, no, not he!" Attired in a shabby suit of pepper-and-salt colored cloth, and a low crowned white hat, he sat, smoking a pipe, in a large flag-bottomed chair, from which he did not rise when Mr. Dobson entered. The miller prided himself upon being a plain-spoken man, as he considered a man of his "weight-of-metal"—for he was worth fifty thousand pounds—had a right to be. At this particular juncture he was inclined to be exceedingly plain spoken, for he was in no amiable humor. Miss Henley was looking out of the window, and Miss Dobson was fidgetting uneasily in a chair by her side, at as great a distance from the amiable miller as she could conveniently get.

"I understand, Mr. Henley, that Old Thornton has lost above a thousand pounds upon this race," said Dobson.

"More fool he!" said the miller, sententiously.

"Undoubtedly. There never was such infatuation as they have been the victims of. After the repeated warnings I gave to the young fellow, it was ridiculous presumption for them to suppose their horse could possibly win."

The miller turned a stern eye upon Dobson, took a deep draught of his ale, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled it, and went on smoking without reply.

"I consider that those who lost upon that race are perfect unmitigated fools, sir," said Dobson.

"What the devil do'e mean by that?" cried the miller, with a surly scowl. "I'm cursed, if I didn't back that horse myself."

"I am misunderstood, sir; entirely misunderstood. I mean those who owned the horse and trained him, and had every opportunity of knowing what he was. The way in which they have deceived others, and induced them to bet by misrepresentations, is as shameful, as their own foolish confidence was deplorable. I wish I could acquit the young farmer of blame," said Dobson, with a side look at the belle.

"You knowed this hoss wouldn't win, hey?"

"That was my decided opinion, often expressed, sir," said Dobson, with much complacence.

"Why didn't 'e express it to me?"

"I did not think you were a betting man, sir."

"I ben't, sir; but they got me to lay this time. Told me I was sure to win, rot 'em!"

"Is it possible!" said Dobson, with an endeavor at sympathy.

"Had I supposed that designing persons were misleading one whom I so greatly respect, I should have interposed, sir; I should have spoken; these shameful machinations would have been defeated."

"It was my uncle who told father that the horse was sure to win," said Miss Henley, with some displeasure.

"And Tom Thornton as well," said the miller, with a snarl.

"If he did, he was mistaken, father, and that's all. He would knowingly deceive no one, much less you. He may have been foolishly confident, but I am certain he thought Strideaway sure to win."

"Who says he didn't? Will that put money in my pocket agen? I ask 'e that, gall! Confident or not, I've lost my money, and his father has lost his; and now I don't want his son here after my da'ter, and so I tell 'e candid! I tell 'e that candid!" added the miller, in his most plain-spoken and singularly agreeable manner.

The belle, with her face suffused with blushes, looked at her respectable father, as if more annoyed than surprised at his candor; which she perhaps had expected before. Mis Dobson simpered, and covered her face with her fan, for the miller's language was, to say the least, ungenteel, though not altogether unpleasant to the ears of the Dobsons.

Miss Henley was high-spirited. With a proud glance at Miss Dobson, and without noticing the pantomimic signals of the Ensign, who had posted himself behind old Henley's chair, she replied, "Whether Mr. Thornton comes here or not will perhaps make but little difference. It will not distress me, if he never comes again; but I do not like to hear him slandered in his absence. If you do not want him to come, you had better tell him so, father, and not blame him for what he could not help."

"D—n me, if I don't mean to tell him so, gall! I mean to tell him, candid. What be you a doing now? You ben't going out to-night agen?" said the miller, observing that she had risen and put on her bonnet.

"I am going to aunt's, father," said Miss Henley.

"Well, go on! and shet the garden gate arter 'e, mind that. I don't want them hogs in a routing up the taters." So saying, the miller turned to his pipe and tankard, leaving Mr. and Miss Dobson to sidle out of the room unobserved.

Meantime, Mr. Tom Thornton and Joe, the groom, had arrived at home with Strideaway. It was near the evening hour, when they led him through the straggling village street of Woodbourne, apparently in good health. Men shook their heads and stood aloof now, who had before been eager to receive the horse and congratulate the owner of him. Not as it used to be, when he came like some conquering hero, surrounded by troops of friends and ardent admirers, and with all the boys of the hamlet following at a respectable distance. Some who, on other occasions, had always known that he would "do the trick," now assured everybody that they had always been convinced of his inferiority, if thoroughly tested. And when it was suggested that he was unwell, they replied, to the intense indignation of the fat trainer, "Who ever heard of a horse being beaten, without the friends of him having a first-rate excuse!" Tom Thornton felt the humiliation of his favorite keenly, as well as Joe, the groom; but their confidence in his powers was unshaken. And when they were at the Thorndike Farm, after Tom had thrown off his coat, rubbed him down, and carefully tended him, he stood with his hand upon his crest, and said, "He shall beat the winner of that race, Joe, by heaven!"

"If he could go against them hosses again to-morrow, he would win in a canter," said the groom.

I believe he would, Joe; they didn't go the pace at all that he can gallop at."

"And that ain't the only thing; he's a lasting hoss. Who ever seen him passed when he was well, and made the running?"

"Nobody, Joe, nobody; and some of these people shall have enough of his speed and bottom yet. Losing one race don't spoil a horse. Marigold herself was beaten; so was the Queen of Trumps; so was Harkaway; and very likely old Eclipse himself was beaten sometime."

So saying, Mr Thornton locked the stable-door, and went to his supper. After that meal he dressed himself with some care, intending to visit the miller's, and have an interview with Miss Henley. What would she say? was the question which at present mainly interested him. If she regretted the lost race, and encouraged him to look forward to another, why all was well. Strideaway should win the next, retrieve his faded laurels, and cover Dobson with deserved confusion. Whatever Mr. Hampton and Dr. Ryder might have learned about that gentleman, to confirm their suspicions, they had said nothing to any but young Thornton; and they had desired him to maintain the strictest secrecy.

The young farmer found Miss Henley out, and her worthy father still smoking and drinking, as she had left him.

"Sit down," said he, motioning Tom to a seat.

"We had bad luck yesterday, Mr. Henley," said Tom.

"You've no occasion to tell me that, you know. Will 'e take something? Will 'e smoke a pipe?"

It may be supposed that the miller felt more amicably towards his visitor. Not at all; the offered refreshments and pipe were as the rich viands always allowed to the condemned man, before they swing him off.

"I will take a little ale, sir, but I'll not smoke just now," said Tom.

"Drink out of my tankard," said the miller, handing it to him. "Drink hearty, lad!" The miller wished him to drink deep, with the best intentions. He had a muddle-headed notion that a man with a belly full of good, strong ale, would care little or nothing about the unqualified rejection of his love suit. Heathen that he was, yea, worse than a heathen!—for the Arab cherishes the man who eats bread and salt with him, and the Scandinavian of old held himself bound to whoso drank with him of the household cup—the miller prostituted the hospitable tankard, in the benevolent intention of stolidifying his victim. Rising from his seat, he proceeded, pipe in mouth, and tankard in hand, to the cellar, where he replenished the latter from a tap of peculiarly old and strong ale.

"This here is the oldest ale in the parish, except some the Squire has got," said the miller, eyeing his victim. "It was brewed when our Charlotte was just ten years old, and I keeps it for her wedding-day. Drink deep, my boy."

Mr. Thornton did as he was desired. Miserable blockhead! he conceived that he was in favor with the miller, for some reason, and that the ale in question would be drank to celebrate *his* wedding day.

"Well, you've got in a nice mess, and pulled other folks along with 'e, hey!" said the miller, after he had drank, and refilled his pipe.

"I have been very unfortunate, sir, but I feel the losses of my friends far more than I do my own," replied Tom.

"You do, do 'e! Then you are a bigger fool than I took 'e for. How much has your father lost, now?"

"I can't say. A good deal too much."

"A thousand pound?"

"Near about, I fear."

"More, I'm told. And that'll take all his ready money, and all the fat stock on his farm to pay, besides that big wheat rick. Prices is down, Tom Thornton."

"If he has lost more than a thousand, it will; but he can pay it, sir."

"Very likely he can. But when you come to my house, from this time, let it be in a neighborly way, and in no other, Tom," said the miller, conceiving that he was treating his guest with extreme delicacy and tenderness. "Don't come here a hankering a'ter our Charlotte, Tom—don't come here a coorting, lad. I wun't let her have 'e, and she don't wan't to."

"Mr. Henley, this is too hard," said Tom. "I am not after you daughter for her money, sir. With her love, I'll take her joyfully without a shilling, and bless the day I get her. I love her for herself alone, sir."

"It won't do, Tom Thornton. Whoever marries her must be well off. She has been well brought up, she has; and her eddication has cost me a sight o' money. It won't do at all, Tom."

"I can maintain her equal to her bringing-up," said Tom. "I'll work early and late, sir."

"It won't do, Tom. I say nothing agen you for your work—a better pitcher in a hay-field I never see, except myself, when I was your age; and I shall be glad to have 'e come over, as usual, in a neighborly way, and pitch mine, when it's fit to carry. I tell 'e, I like 'e, Tom Thornton. But don't you come a'ter my da'ter, because she don't want to have 'e."

"I'll never believe it, till I hear it from her, sir," said Tom, rising. "She loved me, sir, I know it; and I have done nothing to forfeit her love. We have stood at the foot of our mother's graves, side by side, in the old church-yard, beneath the old yew tree. 'Twas there I felt she loved me, sure and true, as I loved her. She loves me still, sir," he added, slowly.

"I tell 'e she don't," roared the miller, enraged—"nor never did. Old church-yards!—all humbug! Don't talk to me about love in old church-yards. I didn't court her mother in the church-yard, and she was—never mind!" said the miller, becoming suddenly calm. The memory of the dead! it came upon the strong man's passion, and quelled it, as the rain from heaven beats down the stormy sea. He smoked sometime in silence—his face turned away. When he again fronted Tom, his features were as hard as ever, and his eye stony.

"Tom," said he, coolly and deliberately, "she don't love 'e at all—she told me to tell 'e not to come here agen. She would sooner have the soger."

"Do you say it!" said Tom.

"Do I say it! Ay, I do! and so I tell 'e candid! You ought not to want telling; if you wan't blind, you would see it yourself. Do 'e expect *her* to say, "Tom Thornton, I have fell in love with this soger officer!"

"No!" cried Tom, furiously."

"Well, then, drop this here coorting business, and let us go on friendly and comfortable. I shall be always glad to see 'e, in a neighborly way; and always have a pipe, a pot, and a knife and fork for 'e, and Charlotte 'll look upon 'e as a particular friend. Mayhap, have 'e for her bridesman; I don't know as she can get a better looking one."

Mr. Thornton looked at the plain spoken man about a half a minute, then took his hat and rushed out.

The false old villain comforted himself upon the result of the conference. It was better for both parties, he thought, for he was resolved that they should not marry, and this would put an end to their farther intimacy.

After a hurried walk of fifteen minutes, Tom Thornton looked about him, and found himself at the gate of the old church yard. He entered, and slowly pacing along the walk, came to a yew tree of great size and antiquity. Here he stopped, beneath the shadows of its gloomy boughs. The night was dark and lowering. Sometimes, the light of the moon fell with ghastly glare upon the graves and headstones; and, again, thick clouds swept over her, and wrapt everything in pale gloom.

As Ensign Dobson and Miss Henley approached the church-yard, he proposed that they should take another path to her father's house.

"Are you afraid of ghosts, or of taking cold," said she.

"Miss Henley," said Dobson, with a martial air, "the man who has been inured to the hardships of a military life, and taught to march undaunted to the cannon's mouth, does not dread taking cold, and is not afraid of any thing."

Mr. Dobson had suffered incredible hardships in the barracks at the Tower for two years, and he had marched up to the cannon's mouth, with undaunted courage, in many a sham fight and review. But for all that, he would have preferred not to pass through the church-yard at that hour. He had not been accustomed to church-yards like this in London. There was no gas light flaring through the iron railings; no rattle of carriage wheels, ever jarring upon the ear; the brawling shouts of drunken passers, and hackney coachmen, were not to be heard here. All was solemn and still—isolated from the living world, it seemed, as by a barrier, by the foliage of the old and mouldering trees which surrounded it. The only sound was the drip, drip, of the heavy drops from the leaves of the ancient yews and elms.

As he drew hurriedly along the stately avenue, Mr. Dobson pressed Miss Henley's hand nervously to his side, perhaps with a resolute determination to shield and protect her from all harm.

"Mr. Dobson," said she, stopping, "my mother's grave is near us. A little to the right—the white tombstone covers her remains."

"Ah! fine old lady! Excellent woman, no doubt! Never stopped here at this hour, I am confident, when she could help it. Come along, my dear Miss Henley."

"Stop!" said a deep voice, and a vigorous hand seized Miss Henley's disengaged arm.

Taught, as he had been, to march to the cannon's mouth, the Ensign would have bolted incontinently, had not his companion exclaimed—"Mr. Thornton!"

"This, sir, is most singular and objectionable behavior," said he, tremulously.

"Look here!" said Tom; "my business is with this young lady—stand aside, or I'll throw you over the church-yard wall!"

The Ensign made a sort of deprecating gesture as the other advanced upon him, and retreated to a distance.

"Miss Henley," said the farmer, "we are well met. I come to tell you here, where we have often wandered, that I have heard from your father, that you desire that I should visit his house no more. Be it so! I have loved you well; but I make no reproaches. In Mr. Dobson you will find a better mate; for you are incapable of appreciating love like mine; and if you are not unworthy of true devotion, he is incapable of affording it. Good night. We part here!"

Silently, proudly, she bowed, as he looked wistfully at her, where she stood, pale, in the fitful gleam of ghostly light. The tear fell upon her hand, and stood trembling upon her cheek; but it was unseen.

"Good night! Be happy in your own way!" said he, and waving his hand, he sprang over the church-yard wall with a bound.

Astonished and indignant, she gazed after him. That night she had thought of him more earnestly than for months. She had sympathized with him in his defeat; she had felt his disappointment as her own. Never, in the whole range of their acquaintance, not even when they stood together, hand in hand, by the graves of their departed mothers, and he imagined that at least a part of the tenderness the motherless girl betrayed was born of love for him, the motherless boy, had she been moved by a feeling as near akin to love for him as this night, when he came to reproach her. Here, when the young bud of sympathy gives promise of expanding into the full bloom of passion, he plucks it rudely from the stalk, and casts it from him—stops her, like a footpad, in the night, and harangues her upon her insensibility, and incapability of appreciating and deserving *his* affection.

Dobson, the game is with you! If you do not improve the opportunity, as a soldier should, "never more be officer of mine!" Blockheads are trumps, my boy. Play out your hand.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF FISH.—We are informed that a very extensive establishment has been started at Shattock's Lake, by Mr. Upham Treat, formerly of Maine. Mr. Treat commenced his arrangements early in the spring, and has already stocked his preserves with shad, bass, salmon and other fish, to a considerable extent. When the spawning season comes on, he will commence his experiments, and the prospect is that he will be entirely and remuneratively successful. There is nothing more simple than the artificial breeding of fish. The entire mystery consists in taking the female during her time, and by running the thumb with a gentle steady pressure down her back, force out her ova in a jar of pure fresh water. The male is then taken in the same way and made to yield a few drops of the spermatic fluid in the same vessel; the two are then stirred together for a few moments, and the contact of the fluid of the male has the effect to vitalize the eggs at once. The eggs are then laid down in shallow tanks with gravel bottoms arranged in a series of steps, so that running water can continually pass over them. The whole trouble of the breeder is to keep the eggs free from any sediment or muddy deposit, and in due time each egg becomes a fish. Thus almost every one of an innumerable ova can be turned to account for the benefit of man. There is, however, something to do after the eggs have become fish, and that is to confine them within certain limits by a dam, until they are old enough to be able to take care of themselves, and make fight against the larger fish, which would eat them up. There are now three or four establishments in the country for the artificial breeding of fish, and we see no reason why [illegible] lake and river may not be filled [illegible] and food, and made to make [illegible] return to the enterprising [illegible] into it.—[Porter's Spirit.

The Washington States says, that at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony of Gen. Walbridge on Tuesday, President Buchanan was prompt to avail himself of the privilege of kissing the bride. When, turning to the General, he said, playfully, "You have [illegible] our tanks!" "How could I help it, [illegible] General, responded as he pointed [illegible] bride.

A few [illegible] since a boy was passing through [illegible] on the Cleveland and Erie road, having [illegible] out advertisements of "Nothing to Wear," illustrated. A lady remarked to a gentleman, "That takes off the ladies, I suppose." "No," said her friend, "it only takes off their dresses." "Then," replied the lady, "it is proper that a *stripling* should sell it."

Scenes in Western North Carolina.

LINVILLE RIVER.

There are numbers of natural curiosities throughout the South which are never seen or heard of except by some adventurous traveller, and known intimately only by the intrepid mountain hunter. Thus these curiosities remain unnoted, while yearly thousands of our citizens go Northwards in search of health or pleasure. Among such may be classed the Falls of the Linville River, in Burke county. We doubt not but numbers of persons in Burke county never heard of them. They are to be found in the northwest corner of that county, near to that famous tree upon which the four counties of Burke, Watauga, Yancey and McDowell corner, and about nine miles from the Peidmont Springs. The facilities for getting to them are as yet about no facilities at all—an idea may be formed by our experience:

Leaving Childsville on the morning of Tuesday, in company with Col. Childs, we rode within three miles of the Falls, and then leaving our buggy, we went on horseback to the house of Mr. David Franklin who consented to become our guide, and after a short rest we moved on to the Falls. Having arrived in half a mile of them we dismounted and proceeded on foot, being unable to ride on account of fallen trees. We soon reached the river, the din of the waterfall having for some time been roaring in our ears, we then crossed it, to do so being compelled to put certain portions of our person in a state of nature. Having crossed, we proceeded down the eastern bank through a wild and irregular growth of ivy, laurel and whortleberry bushes. It is rather singular that on the west bank of the Linville, the soil is rich and covered with a most luxuriant growth of trees, while on the east bank, just here, for some distance out, nothing of any worth grows. The river where we crossed it has as clear, smooth, an appearance as any mountain stream; it soon becomes agitated by slight rapids, until suddenly it is divided by a huge rock, and dashes over a fall of about twenty feet; it then boils and surges in a most terrific manner for about two hundred yards, the while falling three several times, twisting and turning in every shape that human imagination can fancy.

Following our guide we seated ourself on the top of a rock around the base of which the river rushes in its wild career. About forty feet below us on one side dashed the troubled waters of the Linville, on the other these same waters, having forced themselves through a passage not more than ten feet wide, made their descent over the last and highest fall. Here the mist was rising, and the rays of the sun, as it shone through which caused the peculiar view, resembles so much the sulphurous flames which Bunyan so well describes as arising from a certain dark abode, that it gives the cavern under the lower fall the name of the Devil's Hole. Our position was a commanding one, but not such as a person with weak nerves should seek. As we gazed far down the course of the river, we could see the stream again assume its comparatively placid appearance, but now, instead of banks almost even with its bed, it was locked in by an impenetrable mass of chimney rocks, which continue for miles down its course, rising in the most majestic grandeur to a height of one, two and three hundred feet, and in some places nearly to a thousand. At one point we are informed the rocks close over the river, and it is easy for a person to jump from one bank to the other.

The grand sublimity of the scenery which is hereabous presented to the eye cannot be surpassed by any in the world. Language fails to describe it, and the pencil of the artist can give but a faint conception of its beauty and magnificent grandeur. Here it is that man feels his insignificance, and, trembling, kneels with awe and fear. We have seen Niagara in all its artistic splendor, and we have seen what was called grand scenery, but never, never have we seen anything to equal the scenery of Linville Falls, nor do we ever expect to see the like again until we revisit them.

Ere long the pencil of the artist will trace the rarest beauties and give them to the world's view. Ere long the spirit of enterprise will make good roads, and build a good house, at which visitors may stop. No place can present the same attractions as a watering place that Linville can. Its beautiful scenery—that never has been fully explored—its healthful climate, the excellent water of the Rattlesnake Spring, the fertility of the soil, and last, but far from least in the pleasure seeker's eye, the large quantity of game which is to be found thereabouts. Having spent the afternoon at Linville we returned to Mr. Franklin's house and there rested for the night. The next day we visited the Gingercake Rock. This Rock is a curious formation, resting on a ridge between the Hawk's Bill and the Gingercake mountain, very near to the latter. It is a high rock, conical in shape, between fifty and seventy feet in height, and six feet through at the base, and rising to a thickness of twenty-five or thirty feet. This rock is flat on top and covered with gray moss. On one end of its top there lies a rock about fifteen feet long and four or five wide, with a thickness of about four feet. This rock is to all appearances just about to fall—at least ten feet of it projecting from the edge of the main rock—the whole presenting the appearance of having just been dropped in its place and lodged for a little while, thus making one of the grandest sights that can exist in nature. Re-ascending the mountain, we walked over to the chimney rocks, and there we had presented to us as beautiful a landscape view as can be found in Carolina, unless it be that from the top of the Pilot Knob. The eye has a full open scene, from the Grandfather Mountain entirely around to the Roan, and even beyond that. The valley of the Catawba is open to the view from its origin to its source, the whole of Turkey and North Coves, with their rich fields of waving corn. In the dim, dark distance a lone mountain rises to the view, which from its location we supposed to be the Pilot. Just as the sun fades beneath the horizon it casts forth a clear red light, and you see flashing in its blaze the windows of the house of Morganton. From the same source a golden tinge is thrown upon every leaf, and everything is mellowed into soft loveliness in the accomplishment of nature's most splendid creation. Far, far beneath, hid amid a mass of shrubbery and rocks, the Linville finds its way to the Catawba. Turning to our guide, we asked, "Does the Linville run there?" He replied "Yes, and, poor thing, it sees troublous times before it gets out there too." We have never seen anything which gave one so forcible an idea of man's littleness as this point. The chimney rocks of the mountain are about three hundred feet high; from their base the mountain descends with fearful rapidity into the Linville river—how far, it is beyond our power to estimate; but it seems like it was almost into the bowels of the earth. It seems as if one might fall.

"From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,"

and but then fathom its depth!" We looked, and turning looked again. Gladly would we have spent hours upon that summit, but nature changes not to suit man's wishes, and days must end on the mountain top as well as in the valley. We returned to Mr. Franklin's house, thankful for what we had seen, but wishing that we could spend weeks roaming among the beauties of that mountain country.—*Asheville (N. C.) Spectator.*

Double Narrative of Creation in Genesis.

Professor J. W. Gibbs, of Yale College, the distinguished orientalist and scholar, has contributed to the New Englander an article with the above title, in which he shows that the beginning of Genesis contains two accounts of the Creation; the one extending to the third verse of chapter second, inclusive; and the other to the end of chapter third. The first section, according to this division, has a visible unity, it being the history of seven successive days. The second section has also an unity of its own. The beginning and end of it both refer to the Garden of Eden. The second section has a distinct superscription, Gen. 2: 4. Compare similar superscriptions, Gen. 5: 1 20: 1 11: 10 36: 1: but see also Gen. 10: 20, 31, 32, 36: 30 Ps 72: 20. Sometimes we find double titles. See Gen X: xxxvi. In the first section the Deity is called *Elohim* (God) thirty-five times, and by no other name. In the second section he is called *Jehovah Elohim* (Lord God) nineteen times, and by no other name, where the writer speaks in his own person. There are three instances in which the woman or serpent speaks, and the Deity is called *Elohim*, Gen. 3 1: 3 5.

The Professor judges that the writer of the first section had digested plans before him, and he notes rythmus and uniformity in the construction of his sentences, contrasting with the more simple and artless style of the second section. The writer of second, often finds occasion to go back, in order to mention circumstances which he had omitted in their proper place. After noticing the formation of man, and being about to place him in the Garden of Eden, he goes back to describe the planting and location of that garden, chap. 2: 8 15. Man is placed in Eden, and the temptation is at hand; the sacred penman goes back to notice the origin of the woman, as she was a partner with him in the transgression. This again leads the writer to describe the occasion of her being created, chapter 2, 18 25.

Prof. Gibbs notices some apparent inconsistencies.

In the first section, man appears to be created at the same time with woman, Gen. 1: 26 27. In the second, he is formed from the dust, chap. 2: 7 4: 19, and woman afterwards, 2: 22. In the first section, plants are produced by the mere will of God, and before the creation of man, Gen. 1: 11 26. In the second, plants appear to originate from natural causes and from human culture, chap. 2: 5 8. In the first section, the earth has more of Neptunian origin, Gen. 1: 2. In the second, more of a vulcation, chap. 2: 5 6.

These circumstances the Professor thinks are capable of a plausible solution. He also notices some refutations. The separation of the 7th day from the 1st chapter, to which it properly belongs, has had, in several respects, he thinks, an injurious tendency. He does not see how the truth of this theory can well be denied, nor does he deem it inconsistent with the divine authority which we wish to attach to the Bible.

INTERESTING SECRET HISTORY.—Gen. Pillow, in an address to the people of Tennessee, announcing himself a candidate for the Senate, gives a history of some passages in the conduct of the Mexican war, never before revealed to the public. It appears that Gen. P. was the confidential representative of the President, invested with a kind of surveillance over Mr. Trist, the Commissioner—that, at Puebla, a secret negotiation was entered into between Trist and General Scott and Santa Anna, by which the latter was to receive a million of dollars to make peace after a battle, an armistice, and the surrender of the City of Mexico—that General Pillow opposed it, and the project was abandoned—that, afterwards, when our army was in the valley of Mexico, the scheme was persisted in, and that upon Gen. P.'s report of the facts to the President, Trist was recalled—and that out of this recall, thus procured, grew his difficulties with Gen. Scott—that chieftain's mind being poisoned by Trist.

The developments are curious, and will probably give rise to some discussion.—[Memphis Bulletin.

WHAT IS AN INSULT?—Justice King, of Chicago, has decided, on an application for a warrant, that to spit in a man's face knock him down and kick him, *is not an insult.*

"Frank, where have you been?" "I've been playing at an old game—chasing a hoop in Chestnut street."

The Anglo-French Alliance.

Under the agreeable disguise of a friendly visit, the recent meeting of the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Victoria at Osborne was in reality very much like a settlement of accounts between two partners, on which the continuance or dissolution of the partnership depended. Napoleon agreed to renew the alliance and guarantee peace and security to England in Europe, while she is engaged fighting for the stability of her empire in Asia, provided French policy is allowed to be supreme in Turkey and the Danubian Principalities, and provided Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is sacrificed to his enterprising diplomatic rival, M. de Thouvenel. After a due examination of accounts, England's rulers accepted the offered terms, and the Anglo French alliance is declared to be renewed on a basis of extreme cordiality, with every prospect of a long and happy continuance. But there are many men in England who are not altogether pleased with what they call "the after-dinner settlement at Osborne." Even those who agree that the force of circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary for Lord Palmerston to accept the Emperor's terms, regard them as humiliating to British pride, and as a political defeat, compensating France in a great measure for her memorable reverse at Waterloo. When the great Napoleon conquered Egypt, his object was to attack Great Britain in India, and thus obtain advantages in Europe. What the uncle's genius failed to attain, the nephew has achieved by the force of circumstances. The present troubles in India are a triumph for France, since they have compelled Great Britain to abandon to a rival the supremacy in Turkey which she has exercised for many years.

It is a mistake, however, to regard this as a personal triumph of Napoleon, due only to his sagacity and far-seeing policy. It is true that by his alliance with England and the Russian war, he made Europe forget, or *seem* to forget, the Usurper in the Emperor, and, without danger to himself, gave France what she wanted and expected from the successor of Napoleon I, namely, military glory, and a powerful position in the family of nations. But the war once concluded, and all the advantages of the alliance obtained, it depended, not upon Napoleon, but upon the feelings and interests of the French people, whether the alliance should be continued. It is not forgotten by France how sorely she was humbled and slighted by England in the Syrian affair, under Louis Philippe; and had Louis Napoleon, in the case of the Danubian Principalities, consented to yield again to England, the French people would have regarded it as a second humiliation, and a sacrifice of the national honor. For the preservation of the *entente cordiale*, Louis Philippe made many and great sacrifices, and the consequence was, that discontent and irritation were general among the people, at the disregard of their interests for the profit of England, and the personal advantage of their Sovereign. Louis Napoleon cannot afford to expose himself to the same reproach. He hears those who are the warmest friends of the alliance with England insisting that the feelings and wants of their nation must be duly regarded, as an essential condition to its continuance; and he knows that among the most prominent of his statesmen, and the warmest Bonapartists, civil and military, there is a powerful party who consider an alliance with "perfidious Albion," contrary to the interests of France, and who regard Russia as the safer and more natural ally of the two. Knowing this, Louis Napoleon is too astute to let it appear for a moment that he is willing to make any national sacrifice for the advantage of England. His Turkish policy, therefore, is not so much his own, as the expression of what he is assured is the national will. He is however, to all appearance, really anxious to continue the English alliance as long as possible. To it is due the recognition of the nephew of the "Corsican bandit" on a footing of equality with the legitimate sovereigns of Europe, and a breach with England would necessarily occasion the hostility of the majority of those States which follow her policy for moral or material reasons, and give increased strength and consistency to the various parties in France which are constantly opposed to Napoleon. Were he willing to dare the enmity of England, and accept the consequences, he would not have gone to Osborne in person, but would have allowed free scope to the pro Russian sympathies of his foreign Minister, Count Walewski, and concluded an alliance with Russia, with the prospect of the annexation of Belgium, Savoy, and the Rhenish provinces—"the natural possessions of France"—which Russia is said to be willing to sanction, in return for French co operation in the East. This prospect would doubtless flatter the military ardor of the French, and be considered a glorious continuation of the career of the great Emperor; but the more prudent and less passionate nephew sees that it can only be realized by a European war, in which the first important reverse would be a second Waterloo; that, however attractive the temptations of a Russian alliance, the conservative friendship of England is preferable, and that his safest policy is to consolidate, and not extend, his power. As affairs now stand, by this visit to Osborne, France has obtained the upper hand in Turkey at the expense of England, the alliance with the latter power is renewed, and in case circumstances hereafter should require its rupture, the alliance with Russia is still open.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I does—and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready." "Go to, young man, you are incorrigible—go to." "Go two! If it wasn't for the law against bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your age would give such advice to a man just starting into life."